

AUDITION

4.10 | Final Draft

Written by

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CREATED BY:

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PRODUCED BY:

TheVPN (<http://www.vpn-tv.proboards.com>)

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MAIN CAST

ALEX BERRETA JOSH HUTCHERSON
ALISHA HALL ALYSON STONER
ROSE BRAUN..... BRIDGIT MENDLER
MICHAEL BERRETA PATRICK DEMPSEY

GUEST CAST

KELSEY MARKS KEKE PALMER
ANDREW ZAHIR MANISH DAYAL
JOSHUA LAWSON MATT COHEN
EMILY MOORE SHARON LEAL

FADE IN:

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

ALEX and ALISHA sit on the couch. Alisha types away at a laptop, while Alex watches TV.

ON THE TV: The commercial the duo was in plays.

ALEX
Why... why are they playing this?
(beat)
I'm confused.

Still ON the TV, the commercial ends with "STORE CLOSING SALE! ALL ITEMS MUST GO!"

ALISHA
Well that's... that's depressing.

ALEX
At least we got paid.

ALISHA
Barely.
(beat)
And you blew it all on cologne that you don't even wear anymore.

ALEX
Let's not bring allergic reactions into this.

Alisha rolls her eyes. Chuckles.

ALEX (CONT'D)
I know it's pretty professional and respectful not to ask how an audition went.
(beat)
But I'm me, so... how did you think the audition went?

ALISHA
Pretty well, actually. But, I, um... didn't... get it.

Alex lets out a sigh a relief.

ALEX
Okay me niether.

Alisha squints her eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Okay wow, I'm noticing that sounded really bad... I apologize.

ALISHA
Well there's always another audition out there.

ALEX
Thanks for the optimism.

BRRRIING.

Alisha darts her head back to her laptop. Knits her brow.

ALISHA
Hmm.

ALEX
What?

ALISHA
You remember how Rose and I went to that... lesbian mixer, right?

ALEX
Yeah, I was laughing for hours on how that even happened.
(beat)
Why?

ALISHA
One of the girls I met there, Kelsey, I ran into her last week, and she just sent me a message asking to hang out.

ALEX
Did you like... make it clear to her that you're not... you know?

ALISHA
Yeah, I did. She said she still wanted to get to know me as friends, though.

ALEX
Then you should go!
(beat)
And you need a friend that isn't as awesome as I am. Like a refresher.

Alisha rolls her eyes once more.

ALISHA

Thanks.

She types. Hits ENTER.

ALEX

Well?

ALISHA

I told her sure. Friends aren't a bad thing.

Alisha looks around the room, cranes her head to look down the hallway.

ALISHA (CONT'D)

Where's your dad? I haven't seen him all day.

ALEX

He's been hanging with these two dudes lately. Working on some secret project, I have no idea. Probably planning a heist or something.

Alisha squints her eyes, nods as if she understands. Clearly does not.

ALISHA

Uh-huh.

Alex shrugs.

INT. CRAZY LAZY CAFE

MICHAEL sits across from JOSHUA and ANDREW, who stare intently at a LAPTOP in front of them.

JOSHUA

Okay, it's good. But... it could be better.

ANDREW

The pacing might need some work.

JOSHUA

Oh, and make sure you show, and don't tell.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay. And what does that mean... exactly?

Joshua looks to Andrew, who just shrugs his shoulders.

JOSHUA

I -- I'm not really sure, but I read it online somewhere. Sounded good at the time.

MICHAEL

And you believe everything you see online?

JOSHUA

No, not everything. Tumblr tried convincing me that dress was blue and black. I wasn't having any of it.

Andrew shakes his head. Sighs.

ANDREW

Look, Michael... the best advice we could give is to just be yourself and write what you love. It'll show, trust us.

(beat)

And maybe a little less description.

MICHAEL

Thanks, guys. I really couldn't have done this without you.

JOSHUA

Oh, you could have. It just wouldn't be nearly as awesome.

They all chuckle.

MICHAEL

You're probably right.

Andrew looks down at his wrist watch.

ANDREW

Shoot, we gotta go.

JOSHUA

Already? Michael and I were just starting to connect.

(to Michael)

Weren't we?

MICHAEL

Oh... I -- I'm flattered really.
But it's just... I don't think I'm
looking for... that kind of
connection.

JOSHUA

It's because I'm younger than you.
Damn, I need to start dating
younger guys...

MICHAEL

Yeah... yeah, that must be it.

ANDREW

Anyway, it was great meeting you.
We should keep in touch.

MICHAEL

Definitely.

Andrew and Joshua start toward the exit. Michael takes a sip of his coffee, then focuses on his laptop. He starts typing something. A confused expression on his face.

MICHAEL'S POV: A search engine bar reading "What is Tumbler?"

INT. BERRETA APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

ROSE sits on the couch, flipping through channels. Alex comes walking in from the kitchen, carrying a BOWL of popcorn.

He sits beside her and lays the bowl down between them.

ROSE

Not that I don't love a good
spontaneous movie marathon, but...
is everything okay?

ALEX

Nothing will be okay until DiCaprio
wins an Oscar.

ROSE

(confused)
Okaaaay.
(beat)
Everything *else* okay?

Alex sinks back.

ALEX

I don't know.

Rose leans back to him. Sticks her lips out in concern.

ROSE
You wanna talk about it?

ALEX
(somewhat playful)
Only if you can mend the wounds of
a bad audition.

Rose grabs a kernel of popcorn and TOSSES it at Alex. It bounces off his forehead. They laugh.

ALEX (CONT'D)
If I get a zit right there, I will
not be a happy camper.

Rose smirks.

ROSE
I don't really have a lot of
experience with auditioning like an
actor, but from a singer's
standpoint... it passes.
(beat)
That twinge in your stomach is
normal. It shows you care.

Alex grabs Rose's hand and intertwines her fingers with his.

ALEX
I just don't know what was up with
me. Like... I did *really bad*.

ROSE
Everyone's done really bad. Even
DiCaprio.

ALEX
Now *that* I doubt.

Rose scoots closer to him.

ROSE
I won't try and say a sugarcoated
cliche that people like to spew at
the younger generation, but...
there's always another audition,
and there's always another
opportunity. Don't let this get to
you. You just have to work for it.

Alex smiles.

ALEX
You're literally perfection, did
you know that, Rose Braun?

Rose grins.

ROSE
I've been told that a few times.

Alex leans towards her and connects his lips with hers. A KISS. Short, sweet. They pull apart. Rose bites her lip as Alex smiles.

ALEX
That was our first kiss.

ROSE
Here's our second.

She leans in and KISSES HIM. This one longer, slower. Alex maneuvers his hand to the back of her head and runs his fingers through her hair.

INT. DINER

Alisha and KELSEY, shopping bags in their hands, take a seat at a BOOTH.

KELSEY
I have shopped, but I have yet to
drop.

ALISHA
Yeah, I never really got that
saying.

They share a laugh.

KELSEY
So, what's up with you? How's your
acting thing going?

ALISHA
Well, I had an audition recently,
but it.... I didn't get the part.

KELSEY
Aw, I'm sorry. I don't know how you
acting types do it. Too much
stress. Don't need any of that
added on to the amount I receive
from the forty television shows I
watch.

ALISHA
(smirking)
Nice.

KELSEY
(long pause)
I hope you're not, like... weirded
out by this whole thing.

ALISHA
What thing?

KELSEY
You know... I hardcore came onto
you when I thought you were into
chicks and not dicks.

ALISHA
(realizing)
Oh.

KELSEY
I totally respect boundaries that
have been set, but I think you're
really cool, and just... thanks for
hanging out with me today.
(beat)
I'm taking a semester off. There
was a whole trial thing with my
uncle pretty recently. It was a
mess. Plus, I don't really know a
lot of people here anymore.

ALISHA
Yeah, I know the feeling. I haven't
been in this city that long either.
(beat)
But I'm glad we hung out today.
Thanks for the invite.

A smile creeps up on Kelsey.

KELSEY
The pleasure was all mine, Hall.

ALISHA
(jokingly)
We're gonna do that thing where you
call me by my last name?

KELSEY
Oh, of course.

The ladies share a laugh. A WAITER walks up to their table and sets down two GLASSES of water.

But as he pulls his hand back, it hits one of the glasses and KNOCKS it over. Water SPLASHES all over Kelsey.

She quickly hops up.

WAITER
I -- I am *so sorry!*

KESLEY
(calming)
It's fine.

KELSEY
I'll be right back.

She grabs one of her new shirts out of her shopping bag.

ALISHA
Here, let me help.

Kelsey walks to the back. Alisha follows.

INT. DINER - BATHROOM (CONTINUOUS)

Kelsey enters and quickly strips herself of her shirt, revealing her jet black bra.

Alisha walks in and sees. Her eyes widen.

ALISHA'S POV: Her gaze holds on Kelsey's chest and cleavage.

CLOSE UP on Alisha. She rapidly blinks, averts her gaze to anywhere but Kelsey.

INT. CRAZY LAZY CAFE

Michael still sits at the table, quickly typing away on his laptop.

PULL AWAY to the line that is formed in front of the register. EMILY stands, awaiting her drink.

She TURNS and finds Michael. Knits her brow. Sees his clear determination.

The BARISTA sets her drink down, and she grabs it. Walks over to Michael's table. Sits.

Michael slowly looks up, intimidation growing on his face. Emily stares back, simply taking sips of her coffee.

MICHAEL

Um... hello?

EMILY

Still hard at work?

MICHAEL

Yeah. I've gotten some help from some friends.

(beat; quick)

Plus your feedback. Your feedback was good, too.

EMILY

Did you also see in that nifty little e-mail that said I don't think it's going to work? With me, at least.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I couldn't really miss it. You bolded it.

(beat)

With italics.

(beat)

And underlined it.

(beat)

In forty-eight point font.

EMILY

I also put it in red, but that's not the point.

MICHAEL

You made your point very clear, thank you.

EMILY

Do you know how many good scripts CBS turns down every year?

MICHAEL

Not... not really, no.

EMILY

Well, a lot. When it comes to making the same police drama ten times, we're all for it, but originality... substance... decent writing? That's all secondary.

Emily stands up.

EMILY (CONT'D)

What I mean is, and I'm the worst agent in the world for saying this but... you're better off looking somewhere else. We're not too good for you. You're too good for us.

(beat)

Plus, you could always go indie.

She turns to go, but --

MICHAEL

You would just... look at it... one more time? At least the beginning?

(beat)

I know you said you can't pick it up, but hearing more feedback would mean a lot.

Emily stares at Michael. Sighs, then sees something. Her expression lightens, and she sits back down.

EMILY

Okay. I'll look at *some of it*.

A smile bursts onto Michael's face, and he quickly spins his laptop around so that the screen faces Emily. She pulls it closer and begins to read.

Beat. Beat. Beat.

She slowly begins to nod. Subtle enjoyment grows on her face.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Michael, this is... this isn't half bad.

She looks up at him, sees his gleeful expression.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You've got a hook... ish.

MICHAEL

(excited)

Really?

Emily nods, but her expression slowly drops.

EMILY

I still don't know if it would work with my people though.

Michael's drops even harder.

MICHAEL

Oh...

EMILY

But...

(beat)

Just because I don't think I can do anything with your project, doesn't mean the next person won't.

Michael stares at her, hopeful.

MICHAEL

You think so?

EMILY

I say that with a preface of telling you that you will one *hundred percent* probably not get picked up. By anyone. For a while.

(beat)

But you're not fully on the sand anymore. You've got your feet wet.

Michael can't help but laugh.

MICHAEL

Oh my God! Th -- thank you! Thank you so much!

He drums his hands on the table like a child, barely able to contain his excitement.

EMILY

What... did I do?

MICHAEL

Not that much, but... but it's something!

EMILY

(smiling)

So, what? No hug?

Michael quickly jumps up and wraps his arms around her.

MICHAEL

Thank you so much, Emily.

They break apart.

EMILY

Just send me another e-mail. We can go through a lot of the process. Plus, I promise to reply with no bolds, underlines, or forty-eight point font.

She stands, smirks.

EMILY (CONT'D)

You're gonna do big things, Michael. I can tell.

(beat)

Just make sure to be patient so that they can happen.

Michael smiles and watches her go. Then, he leans back. Let's out a huge exhale.

MICHAEL

(to himself)

You did it, Michael... kinda. Not really, but an agent said they like you're script... So... You're getting somewhere. Sort of.

He turns the laptop back to him and we FOCUS ON the screen. It simply reads:

"AUDITION, written by Michael Berreta".

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE